PULSE-POUNDING PREMIERE ISSUE!!
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STEEL
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN
FROM THE FIERY FORGE OF WAR STRIDES...
A HERO!

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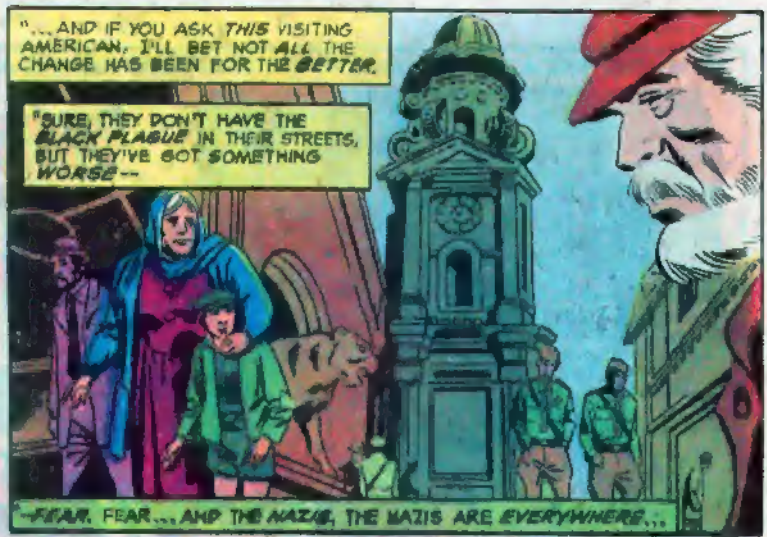
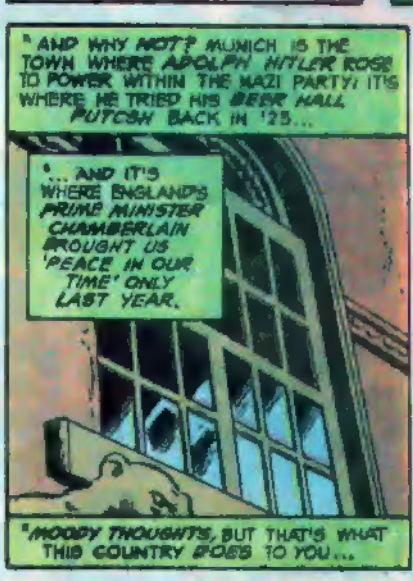
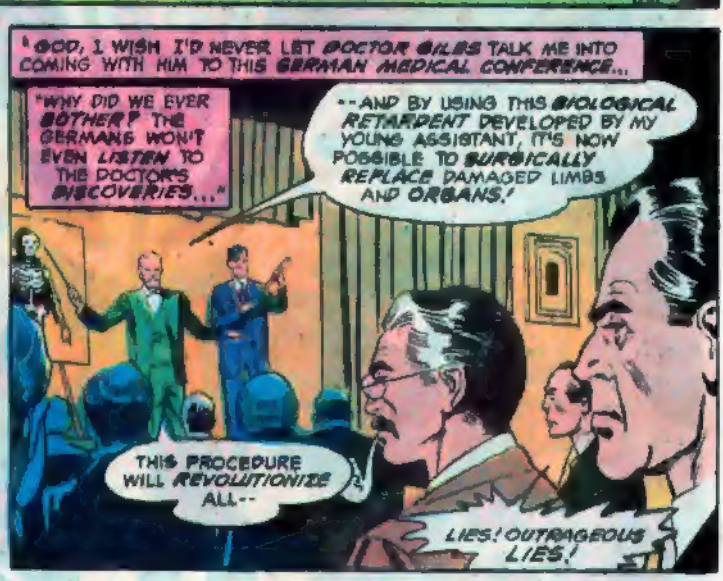
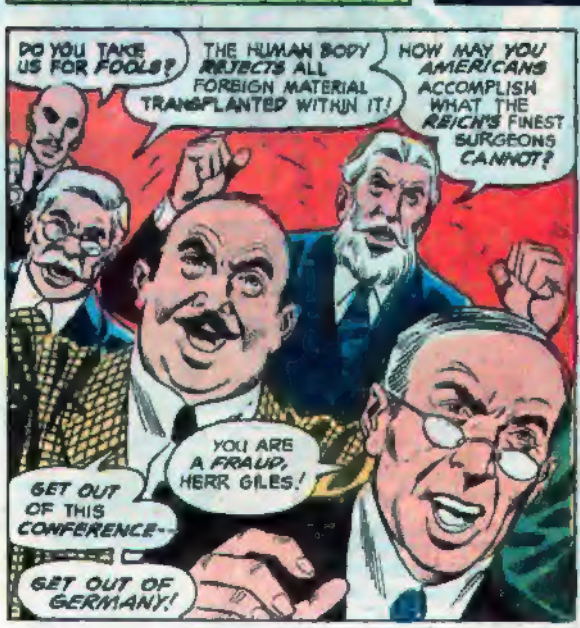
FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY "HANK" HEYWOOD: "MUNICH, GERMANY... THEY SAY THE CITY'S ORIGINAL NAME WAS 'MUNCHEN'!
"--MEANING 'THE HOME OF THE MONKS!'
"IT'S CHANGED QUITE A BIT SINCE THOSE MEDIEVAL DAYS...


"...AND IF YOU ASK THIS VISITING AMERICAN, I'LL BET NOT ALL THE CHANGE HAS BEEN FOR THE BETTER.
"SURE, THEY DON'T HAVE THE BLACK PLAGUE IN THEIR STREETS, BUT THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING WORSE--
--FEAR, FEAR...AND THE NAZIS, THE NAZIS ARE EVERYWHERE...


"AND WHY NOT? MUNICH IS THE TOWN WHERE ADOLPH HITLER ROSE TO POWER WITHIN THE NAZI PARTY! IT'S WHERE HE TRIED HIS BEER HALL PUTCSH BACK IN '23...
"...AND IT'S WHERE ENGLAND'S PRIME MINISTER CHAMBERLAIN BROUGHT US 'PEACE IN OUR TIME' ONLY LAST YEAR.
"MOODY THOUGHTS, BUT THAT'S WHAT THIS COUNTRY DOES TO YOU...


"GOD, I WISH I'D NEVER LET DOCTOR GILES TALK ME INTO COMING WITH HIM TO THIS GERMAN MEDICAL CONFERENCE...
"WHY DID WE EVER BOTHER? THE GERMANS WON'T EVEN LISTEN TO THE DOCTOR'S DISCOVERIES..."
--AND BY USING THIS BIOLOGICAL RETARDENT DEVELOPED BY MY YOUNG ASSISTANT, IT'S NOW POSSIBLE TO SURGICALLY REPLACE DAMAGED LIMBS AND ORGANS.'
THIS PROCEDURE WILL REVOLUTIONIZE ALL--
LIES! OUTRAGEOUS LIES!


DO YOU TAKE US FOR FOOLS?
THE HUMAN BODY REJECTS ALL FOREIGN MATERIAL TRANSPLANTED WITHIN IT!
HOW MAY YOU AMERICANS ACCOMPLISH WHAT THE REICH'S FINEST SURGEONS CANNOT?
YOU ARE A FRAUD, HERR GILES!
GET OUT OF THIS CONFERENCE--
GET OUT OF GERMANY!

HERR BARON--
WHAT IS IT ABOUT THESE AMERICANS THAT INTRIGUES YOU SO?
I BELIEVE DOCTOR GILBERT GILES CAN DO WHAT HE CLAIMS, BRUNO.'
HE MAY PROVE USEFUL TO US, SOMEDAY--
WHEN WE MAKE OUR--VISIT--TO AMERICA!
"I DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOK THAT BARON TÖDLICH GAVE US AS WE LEFT...

"--BUT AS WE PACKED AND MADE OUR RESERVATIONS FOR A SHIP TO NEW YORK, I FORGOT ABOUT THE MAN. THERE WERE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND..."

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE'VE PUT THIS BURG BEHIND US, DOC.

AND I'LL BE EVEN GLADDER WHEN I SEE GLORIA AGAIN.

AS WILL I, HANK. SHE MAY BE YOUR FIANCÉE--BUT SHE'S MY DAUGHTER.

WHICH MAKES US BOTH LUCKY TO--EH?

"THAT WAS WHEN I SAW THEM, AND MY MIND WENT RED WITH RAGE..."

JUDEN PIG!

SOON ALL YOUR KIND WILL BE SWEPT FROM EUROPE--

BUT FIRST WE START WITH YOU--EH, LUDWIG?

FORGET THE OLD MAN, LUDWIG--

CHONK

YUNNG?

WHY DON'T YOU TRY STARTING WITH ME?

WE'VE GOT A NAME FOR YOUR KIND BACK IN THE STATES--

--TOO BAD IT'S NOT THE KIND OF WORD YOU CAN FIND IN YOUR BERLITZ!

AAKK

THOOM

YOU ARE A BRAVE YOUNG MAN--BUT ALSO FOOLISH!

NOW THEIR FRIENDS WILL COME AND KILL YOU!

ME--?

LEAVE, QUICKLY! I WILL MISDIRECT THE NAZIS--

--BUT YOU MUST FLEE!

"IF GILES WEREN'T WITH ME, I WOULD HAVE STAYED. BUT THE DOC COULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED A FIGHT--

"--SO WE LEFT--

"--AND IN MY NIGHTMARES, I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT OLD MAN.

KAKATAKATAK!

"AND IN MY HEART... I FEAR I KNOW.

"THAT WAS IN EARLY *AUGUST, 1939.* BY THE TIME WE SAW THE *STATUE OF LIBERTY* LIFTING HER TORCH OVER NEW YORK HARBOR, THE WORLD HAD BECOME AN EVEN *UGLIER* PLACE, THOUGH NEITHER OF US KNEW IT *THEN*...

"ALL *I* CARED ABOUT WAS BEING *HOME*...

"...AND FOR HANK HEYWOOD, *HOME* MEANT..."

GLORIA!

CHILD, EVERY DAY YOU LOOK *MORE* LIKE YOUR MOTHER--

--AND *LESS* LIKE THE PIG-TAILED LITTLE GIRL I ONCE BOUNCED ON MY *KNEE.*

AHH... PERHAPS I SHOULD LEAVE YOU TWO *ALONE*...?

WOULD YOU, *DADDY?*

I HAVEN'T SEEN HANK IN *TWO MONTHS*...

...AND LIKE YOU SAID YOURSELF, DADDY... I'M NO LONGER A *LITTLE GIRL*...!

"SHE *SMILED,* BUT SOMETHING *TROUBLED* HER...

"I ASKED HER *WHAT*... AND SHE *SIGHED,* THE SPELL *BROKEN*..."

OH, HANK, WHY WERE WE BORN IN SUCH *AWFUL* TIMES?

HONEY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? *FDR* SAYS THE BAD DAYS ARE *BEHIND* US--

HITLER INVADE POLAND

ENGLAND AND FRANCE DECLARE WAR

I DON'T MEAN THE *DEPRESSION,* HANK.

I MEAN *THIS!*

MY... GOD.

HITLER'S *WERMACHT* HAS INVADED *POLAND,* SOMETHING HE CALLS A *BLITZKRIEG*...!

THEN THAT MADMAN'S GOING TO SPREAD HIS HATE ACROSS *EUROPE*... MAYBE THE *WORLD!* THERE'LL BE *MORE* OLD MEN LIKE THAT JEW IN *MUNICH*...

PERHAPS... *MILLIONS!*

HANK, *LISTEN*--

THIS DOESN'T NEED TO BE *AMERICA'S* WAR! THERE'S AN *OCEAN* BETWEEN US AND--

NO, DOC, I CAN'T SEE IT THAT WAY.

IF *EUROPE* FALLS, WE WON'T BE SAFE EITHER...

HANK, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO?*

WHAT I *HAVE* TO DO, GLORIA.

I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY *CHOICE!*..

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

"IT WAS STRANGE, THAT AUTUMN...

"I'D BEEN A STUDENT--STUDYING TO BE A BIOLOGIST, AND THEN, WITH A SIMPLE OATH, I BECAME A RECRUIT, TRAINING TO BE A MARINE...

"WHY I CHOSE THE MARINES, I'LL NEVER KNOW. MAYBE BECAUSE THEY WERE THE TOUGHEST ...MAYBE BECAUSE OF OLD VICTOR McLAUGHLIN MOVIES...OR MAYBE BECAUSE THE YOUNG INTELLECTUAL HAD SOMETHING TO PROVE TO HIMSELF...

"MAYBE ALL THOSE REASONS, MAYBE NONE. WHYEVER, I ENLISTED AND TRAINED--

"--AND FOR THE NEXT SIX WEEKS, WHILE WAR BURNED THROUGH EUROPE, MY LIFE WAS HELL. BUT IT ENDED SOON ENOUGH...

"OF COURSE, GLORIA DIDN'T MEAN IT; SHE WAS JUST ANGRY... AND HURT.

"BUT STILL, SHE'S MADE ME WONDER. SHE HAS MADE ME WONDER..."

MEANWHILE, AS HANK HEYWOOD BROODS IN BOOT CAMP--

--OFF THE SHORE OF LONG ISLAND--

--A BLACK U-BOAT SENDS A TORPEDO-SHAPED MISSILE SHOOTING LANDWARD!

AND WHEN THE TORPEDO SKIDS TO A HALT ON THE SANDY SHORE--

--A HULKING FIGURE STEPS FROM THE SURF--

--TO BE MET BY THREE MEN WHOSE WHISPERED WORDS BEAR THE SLIGHTEST OF PRUSSIAN ACCENTS:

WE WERE TOLD TO EXPECT A WEAPONS DROP FROM AN OFF-SHORE SUBMARINE TONIGHT--

BUT NOTHING WAS SAID ABOUT A NEW SABOTEUR TO JOIN OUR CELL!

PARTICULARLY ONE DRESSED AS FLAMBOYANTLY AS YOU!

IGNORANCE EXCUSES YOUR INSUBORDINATION THIS TIME, SCHWEIN.

NO WARNING WAS GIVEN OF MY ARRIVAL BECAUSE MY MISSION HERE IS AN ULTRA-TOP SECRET... KNOWN ONLY TO HITLER AND GÖRING THEMSELVES!

AS FOR MY COSTUME, IT WILL PROVE NECESSARY!

AND AS FOR MY NAME--

IT IS BARON DEATH!

YOU WILL FIND THE NAME MOST APPROPRIATE ONCE YOU HAVE USED--THESE!

"EXPERIMENTAL," HERR BARON?

EXPERIMENTAL WEAPONS TO BE TESTED HERE IN AMERICA FOR THEIR EFFECTIVENESS AGAINST THE U.S. MILITARY MACHINE!

EACH MACHINE GUN MAY FIRE UP TO TWO HUNDRED ROUNDS A MINUTE--FOUR TIMES AS FAST AS THE FASTEST AMERICAN GUN!

IF THESE WEAPONS WORK, GERMANY WILL USE THEM TO SMASH AMERICA--

AND THEN THE WORLD!

HEIL HITLER!

HEIL!

FROM THE JOURNAL OF HANK HEYWOOD: "I HAD A FIVE-HOUR PASS I'D PLANNED TO USE WITH GLORIA, BUT AFTER SHE LEFT, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE TIME BUT WASTE IT WITH THE OTHER RECRUITS AT RICK'S PLACE IN TOWN...
"MOST OF THE EVENING WAS A BLUR--
"--UNTIL I GOT BACK TO CAMP; AND THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED:"
MAYBE GLORIA'S RIGHT. I HAVE BEEN PLAYING THIS LIKE GARY COOPER PLAYING SERGEANT YORK...
AM I KIDDING MYSELF? GRAND-STANDING --FOR MY OWN EGO?
NO! THIS IS SOMETHING I BELIEVE IN! A MAN CAN'T--EH?
SHADOWS NEAR THE BASE PERIMETER, BY THE AMMUNITIONS DUMP--?
NOT SHADOWS--
--SABOTEURS!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE BASE COMMANDER IS GOING TO JUST LOVE YOUR EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS, FELLAS--
CRAKK
--SO WHY DON'T YOU TRY REHEARSING IT ON ME?
TALK! WHY WERE YOU PLANTING DYNAMITE ON THE AMMO BUNKER?
CHOMK!
ANSWER ME FAST, FINK-- I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR A FIGHT ALL DAY!
C'MON, DAMN YOU! SPILL IT!
THE PLUNGER-- NO--!
7

"THE PLUNGER: AS SOON AS HE SAID IT, I SAW THE WIRES CONNECTING THE FUSE PLUNGER TO THE DYNAMITE, AND I REALIZED WHAT HE MEANT...

"BUT BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE--

WAHROOM

"THE DYNAMITE WENT OFF-- AND MY WORLD ENDED IN A FLASH OF RED LIGHTNING AND A ROAR OF UNENDING THUNDER--!"

AND, WHEN THE SMOKE HAS BEEN SWEPT ASIDE BY A BITING OCTOBER WIND, AND THE SENTRIES HAVE RUSHED TO THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION...

DEAD, FRED.

WHOEVER THEY WERE, THIS CLOSE TO THAT EXPLOSION--

--HELL, WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAN 'EM UP WITH A STRAINER!

WAITASECOND, MORT! THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING...

THERE IT IS AGAIN-- LIKE MOANING...

GEEZ, MORT!

ONE' O' THESE JOES IS STILL ALIVE!

YOU CALL THAT "ALIVE"?

HE MAY BE BREATHIN' NOW, FRED, BUT THE WAY HE'S BEEN HIT, IF HE AIN'T DEAD BY MORNING--

--HE'S SURE GONNA WISH HE WAS!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

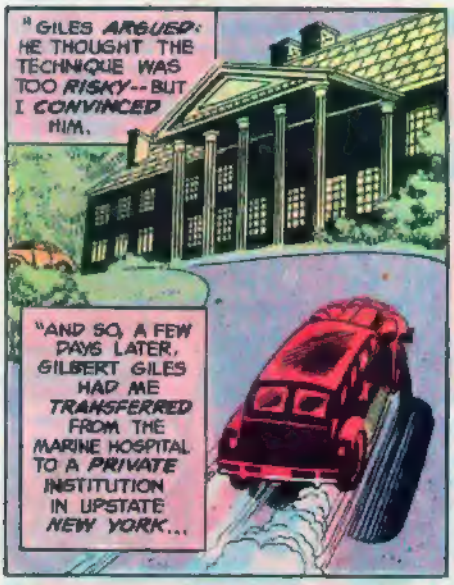
HANK HEYWOOD'S JOURNAL: "REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS WAS LIKE SLIPPING INTO A VAT OF BOILING OIL. EVERYTHING HURT SO MUCH, I COULD BARELY SEE STRAIGHT...
"UNTIL I SAW GLORIA, AND HEARD HER--"
D-DAD... HOW BAD--?

BAD, GLORIA, HANK SUFFERED SEVERE THIRD DEGREE BURNS. HIS BONES WERE SHATTERED--
--AND A LUNG WAS DESTROYED WHEN HE INHALED SUPER-HEATED AIR.
HE MAY SURVIVE--

--BUT HE'LL NEVER BE THE HANK WE KNEW.
THERE ARE THINGS MEDICINE JUST CAN'T REPAIR... YET.
I-I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME CRYING WHEN HE WAKES, DAD--!
AFTER WHAT I SAID TO HIM--
HE MAY NEVER WANT TO SEE ME AGAIN!

AH, CHILD. YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND LOVE...
...IF WHAT YOU HAD WAS REAL, IT WILL SURVIVE THIS ORDEAL... BATTERED, PERHAPS, BUT INTACT...
EVEN IF... I'M NOT ... RIGHT, DOC...?
HANK! LORD, SON, I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE AWAKE!
GUESS IT'S... HARD TO TELL...

...DOC... THAT BIOLOGICAL RETARDENT WE DEVELOPED... FOR TRANSPLANTING ARTIFICIAL ORGANS.
SEEMS TIME... WE TESTED IT... ON A HUMAN.
YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN ALIVE... WHO CAN HELP ME NOW, DOCTOR GILES...
...FOR GOD'S SAKE... GET ME OUT OF HERE...


"GILES ARGUED: HE THOUGHT THE TECHNIQUE WAS TOO RISKY--BUT I CONVINCED HIM.
"AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, GILBERT GILES HAD ME TRANSFERRED FROM THE MARINE HOSPITAL TO A PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN UPSTATE NEW YORK...

"AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, WE BEGAN...
"...THE ORDEAL.

"AFTER THE *FIRST WEEK*, I LOST TRACK OF TIME.

"EVERY DAY, THERE WERE *OPERATIONS*... AND *MORE* OPERATIONS! USING THE *BIO-RETARDENT* WE'D DEVELOPED TOGETHER DURING MY YEARS AS HIS *STUDENT*, GILES *REBUILT* MY RAVAGED BODY FROM THE *SKELETON UP*...

"FIRST THERE WAS *STEEL ALLOY TUBING* TO REPLACE THE PULPED BONE IN MY ARMS AND LEGS AND RIB-CAGE...

"THEN A *METAL CASING* TO PROTECT MY *SKULL*... AND *MICRO-MOTORS* IN ALL MY *JOINTS* TO HELP ME *MOVE* ALL THAT STEEL...

"THEN *MORE* SUBSTITUTIONS—AN *ARTIFICIAL LUNG* FOR THE RUINED ONE... AND *BACK-UP PUMPS* TO AID MY DAMAGED *HEART*...

"AND FINALLY, MOST-- MOST *PAINFULLY*, THE *BIO-RETARDENT* WAS USED TO INDUCE *SKIN-REGROWTH* OVER THE BURNED AREAS...COVERING THE WHOLE PATCHWORK *CONTRAPTION* WITH A FLESH THAT *MADE IT MY OWN*...

"BY THE TIME GILES FINISHED, HANK HEYWOOD WAS *LITERALLY A NEW MAN*...SOMETHING *MORE THAN HUMAN*... BUT *BREATHING*... *HEALTHY*... AND *THANK GOD, ALIVE!*

"ONE MONTH AFTER THE EXPLOSION, IN *NOVEMBER '59*...

SURE YOU WANT ME TO *TRY* THIS, DOC?

WE NEED TO *KNOW*, HANK.

KNOW *WHAT*? I'M JUST HAPPY I CAN *WALK* AGAIN!

WHO CARES *HOW* STRONG THOSE *MICRO-MOTORS* MAKE ME?

JOE LOUIS I'M NOT AND NEVER WILL--*HUNT*

I PUNCHED THAT BAG CLEAR THROUGH THE WALL!

NOW THE *BARBELLS*, HANK!

YOU HAVE TO BE *KIDDING!*

1,000 POUNDS!

HALF A TON-- AND IT FEELS *LIGHT AS A FEATHER!*

DOC, WHAT'S *HAPPENED* TO ME?

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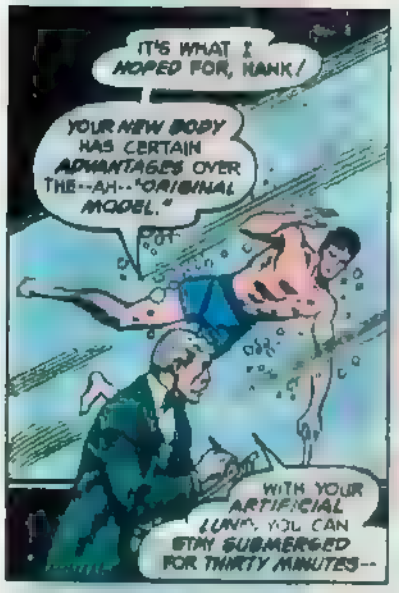
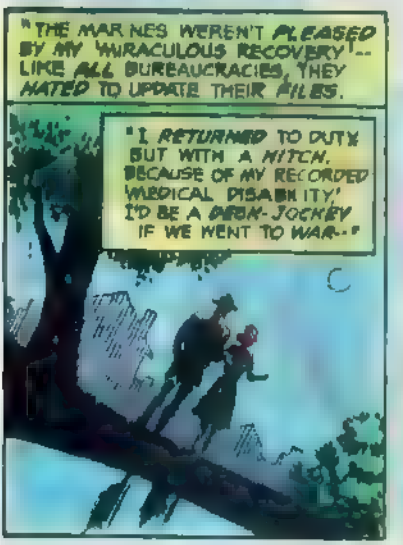

IT'S WHAT I HOPED FOR, HANK!
YOUR NEW BODY HAS CERTAIN ADVANTAGES OVER THE--AH--"ORIGINAL MODEL."
WITH YOUR ARTIFICIAL LUNGS, YOU CAN STAY SUBMERGED FOR THIRTY MINUTES--

--AND ENCASED IN A SUB-DERMAL LAYER OF STEEL, YOU'VE BECOME, FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, INDESTRUCTIBLE!
SUPER-STRENGTH, SUPER-SKIN...

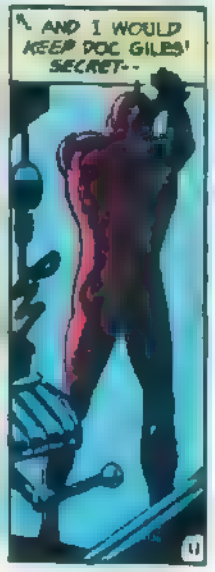
HANK, WE'VE SUCCEEDED BEYOND OUR WILDEST IMAGININGS!
BUT TILL YOU'RE FULLY TESTED, IT MUST REMAIN OUR SECRET... AGREED?
AGREED, DOC! I UNDERSTAND...
MORE THAN YOU THINK.


"THE MARINES WEREN'T PLEASED BY MY 'MIRACULOUS RECOVERY'--LIKE ALL BUREAUCRACIES, THEY HATED TO UPDATE THEIR FILES.
"I RETURNED TO DUTY BUT WITH A HITCH. BECAUSE OF MY RECORDED MEDICAL DISABILITY, I'D BE A DESK-JOCKEY IF WE WENT TO WAR--"

--AND YOU'RE NOT HAPPY ABOUT THAT, NOT EVEN FOR MY SAKE?
IF WAR COMES, I WANT TO DO MY SHARE, GLORIA.
WAR, WAR, THAT'S ALL YOU TALK ABOUT!
DAD'S RIGHT, HANK--THIS IS EUROPE'S FIGHT, NOT OURS!

OH, HANK--I WANT YOU TO LIVE--NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS!
DAD SAVED YOU ONCE, SOMEHOW--
--BUT HE WON'T BE THERE TO HELP YOU OVERSEAS!
AND NEITHER WILL I!

GLORIA DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MY "INDESTRUCTIBLE BODY"-- AND WOULDN'T CARE IF SHE DID.
SHE HATES WAR--AND SO DO I.
BUT I'M STILL GOING TO DO MY PART SOMEHOW--
"--WITH OR WITHOUT THE MARINE CORPS!
"THAT'S WHEN I GOT THE IDEA, AND DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, DURING MY OFF-DUTY HOURS, I WORKED IN DOC GILES' LAB--
--SOMEHOW, I WOULD USE MY 'POWERS' TO DO MY SHARE OF THE FIGHTING--


"AND I WOULD KEEP DOC GILES' SECRET--

"--BECAUSE IT WON'T BE *HANK HEYWOOD* FIGHTING HIS OWN PRIVATE WAR AGAINST THE *FIFTH COLUMNISTS* AND *SABOTEURS*:

"IT'LL BE A MAN FORGED IN *FIRE* AND CAST IN *AGONY*, A WARRIOR WITH A NAME TO MATCH HIS *ORGASMS*--"

STEEL, THE *INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!*

THIS OUTFIT MAY BE *COLORFUL*, BUT IT'S ALSO FAR *MORE*--FLEXIBLE *STEEL ALLOY*, NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO PROTECT AN *ORDINARY* MAN FROM *GUNFIRE*--

--BUT JUST *TOUGH ENOUGH* TO GIVE *ME* A *CRUCIAL EXTRA EDGE!*

STILL, I'LL NEED MORE THAN *SHINING ARMOR* FOR *THIS* SIEGE--

I NEED *WEAPONS*--RIFLES, PISTOLS, AND MACHINE GUNS, WEAPONS I CAN *MODIFY* IN THE DOC'S *LAB!*

IRONIC! TWO MONTHS AGO, A LEAP LIKE THIS MIGHT HAVE *CRIPPLED* ME--

--AND AS FOR *RUNNING FASTER* THAN A HOPPED-UP *PACKARD*, THAT'S *SOMETHING* I NEVER EVEN *DREAMED* ABOUT BEFORE!

IT'LL TAKE *TIME* TO GET USED TO ALL THIS *MUSCLE*--

--BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO *MIND* THE *EFFORT!*

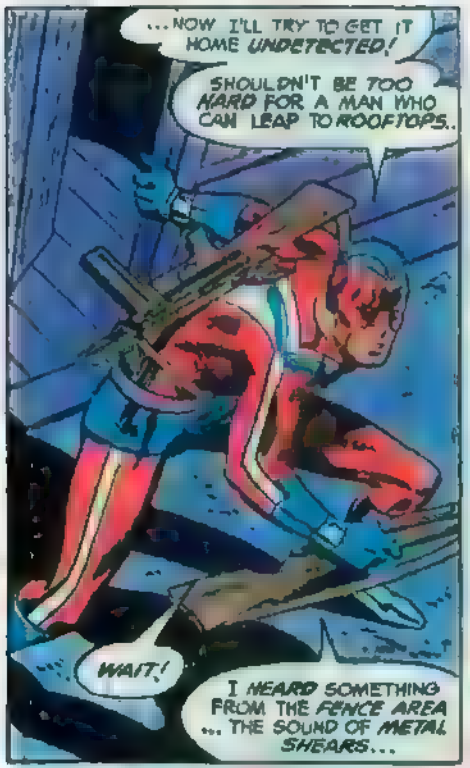
MEANWHILE, I *SHOULD* FIND THE WEAPONS I WANT *HERE*--

--THE *WESTCHESTER FEDERAL ARMORY!*

THIS *PLACE* HAS ALARMS DESIGNED TO PICK UP ANY *ORDINARY* TRESPASSER--

--BUT THE ALARM HASN'T BEEN *BUILT* THAT CAN SPOT A MAN LIKE *ME!*

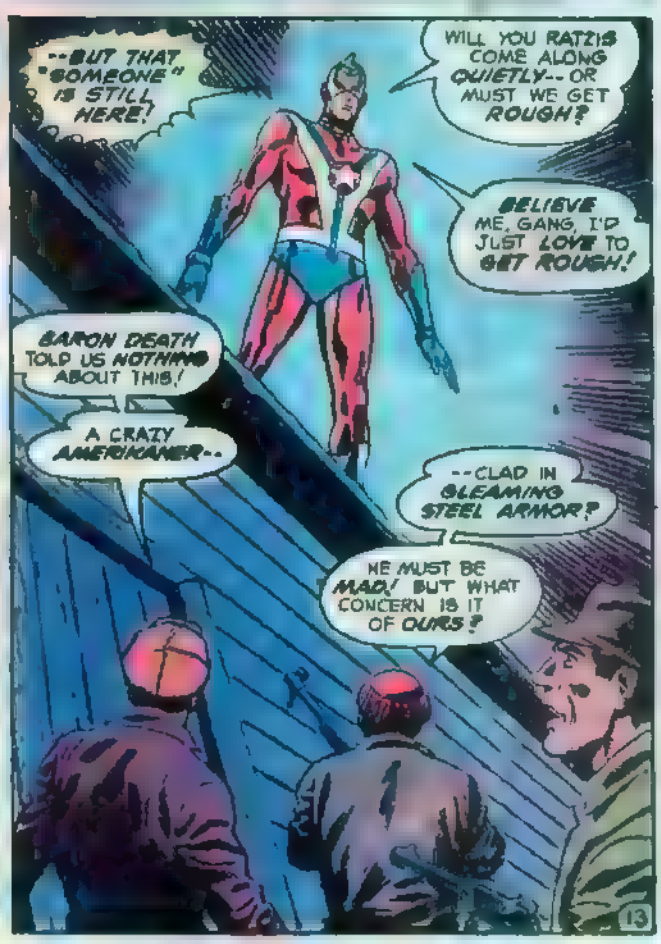
I'VE GOT WHAT I *NEED*...


...NOW I'LL TRY TO GET IT HOME UNDETECTED!
SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD FOR A MAN WHO CAN LEAP TO ROOFTOPS..
WAIT!
I HEARD SOMETHING FROM THE FENCE AREA ... THE SOUND OF METAL SHEARS...

AND NOT A HUNDRED YARDS DISTANT...
REWIRING THE ALARM CIRCUIT WAS SIMPLICITY!
SHUSH, HANS! WE HAVE A MISSION, TO STEAL AMERICAN WEAPONS FOR COMPARISON WITH OUR EXPERIMENTAL ONES..
THE BARON WAS RIGHT! THESE AMERICANS ARE NAIVE AND ILL-PREPARED!

--LET US NOT BECOME DISTRACTED WITH IDLE CONVERSATION!
OTTO... SOMETHING WRONG HERE!

THE STORAGE ROOM DOOR IS ALREADY OPEN... THE LOCK CRUMPLED AS THOUGH SHATTERED IN A VISE!
SOMEONE WAS HERE BEFORE US--
PARDON THE INTERRUPTION, HANS--
WAS--?


--BUT THAT "SOMEONE" IS STILL HERE!
WILL YOU RATZIS COME ALONG QUIETLY-- OR MUST WE GET ROUGH?
BELIEVE ME, GANG, I'D JUST LOVE TO GET ROUGH!
BARON DEATH TOLD US NOTHING ABOUT THIS!
A CRAZY AMERIKANER--
--CLAD IN GLEAMING STEEL ARMOR?
HE MUST BE MAD! BUT WHAT CONCERN IS IT OF OURS?

EVERY MINUTE IS SO PRECIOUS TO OUR CAUSE--THAT WASTING ONE SECOND ON SUCH A MADMAN WOULD BE TREASON AGAINST THE REICH!

ECH? NEIN--IT CAN'T BE! HE STILL STANDS!

KRAKATAK

MORE THAN THAT, KAMERAD--

THE SCHWEIN IS A SIMPLETON--

--KILL HIM!!

JA! LET US SEE HOW WELL HIS ARMOR PROTECTS HIM FROM A MACHINE GUN!

--HE'S LAUGHING AT US!

THIS MUST BE--A TRICK!

POPK KPOOW

LIKE A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE!

IT'S NO MOVIE, NAZI--AND I'M NO CLARK GABLE!

BUT I'M ENJOYING THIS LITTLE FARCE! NOW THAT I'VE CACHED MY WEAPONS--

--LET'S SEE HOW LONG WE CAN DRAW IT OUT--THREE ARMED MEN--AGAINST STEEL!

OUR GUNFIRE WILL ATTRACT THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS--BUT WE WILL HAVE SEVERAL MINUTES BEFORE THEY FIND US! WE MUST USE THOSE MINUTES!

TO DO WHAT, OTTO?

TO SEPARATE--AND CAPTURE STEEL--

"--FOR THE BARON WILL WISH TO EXAMINE THIS MAN WHOSE BODY DEFLECTS BULLETS SO EASILY!"

CAUTIOUSLY, GLANCING SIDEWAYS AND BEHIND, THE THREE SABOTEURS SPLIT UP, MOVING THROUGH THE SHADOWS LIKE NERVOUS CATS...

THOUGHT I HEARD A SOUND DOWN HERE--BUT THERE IS NOTHING!

WE ARE IDIOTS TO STAY HERE--BUT OTTO IS THE GROUP COMMANDER, AND WE DARE NOT--

SKRARASH!

GOTT IN HIMMEL!

YOU ARE NOT HUMAN!

DU IST EIN JUGGERNAUT!

MAYBE NOT A JUGGERNAUT, RATZI--

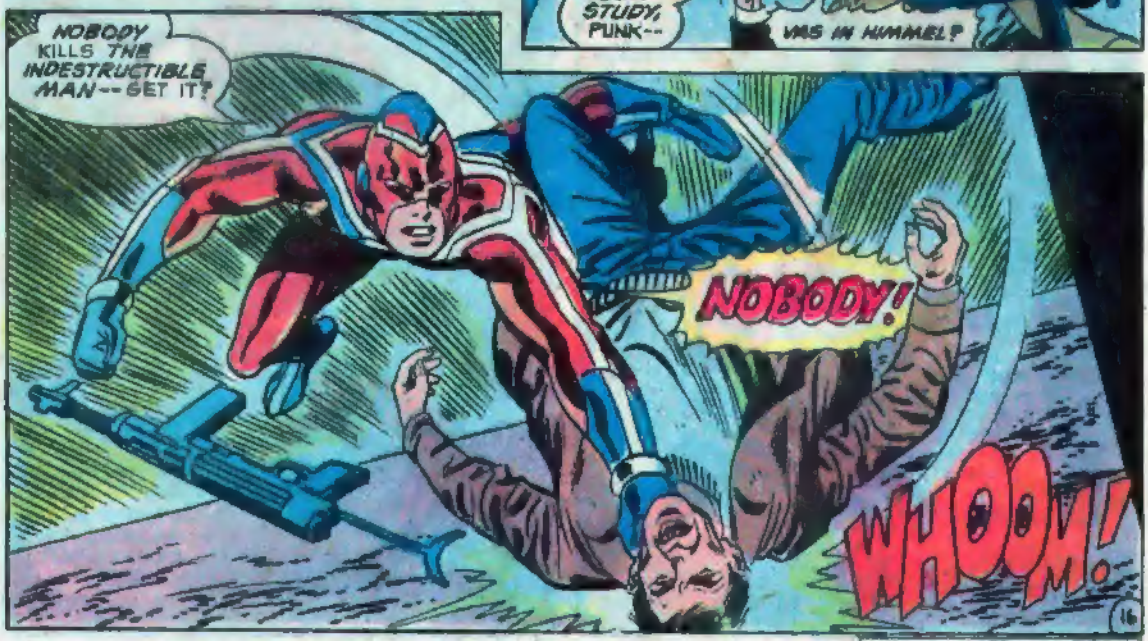
SKRANNG

--BUT I'M SURE SOMETHING YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

AND YOUR KIND IS GOING TO SEE A LOT MORE OF ME IN THE COMING DAYS--

!!!YAAHHH!

--THAT'S A PROMISE YOU CAN COUNT ON!



CONTINUED ON 35P PAGE FOLLOWING

HANS? LUDWIG?
NO ANSWER! HAVE THE DUMBKOFFS DESERTED ME? IF SO, THEY'LL PAY FOR THEIR TREACHERY--
--WITH THEIR LIVES!
WAIT-- UP AHEAD-- STEEL?

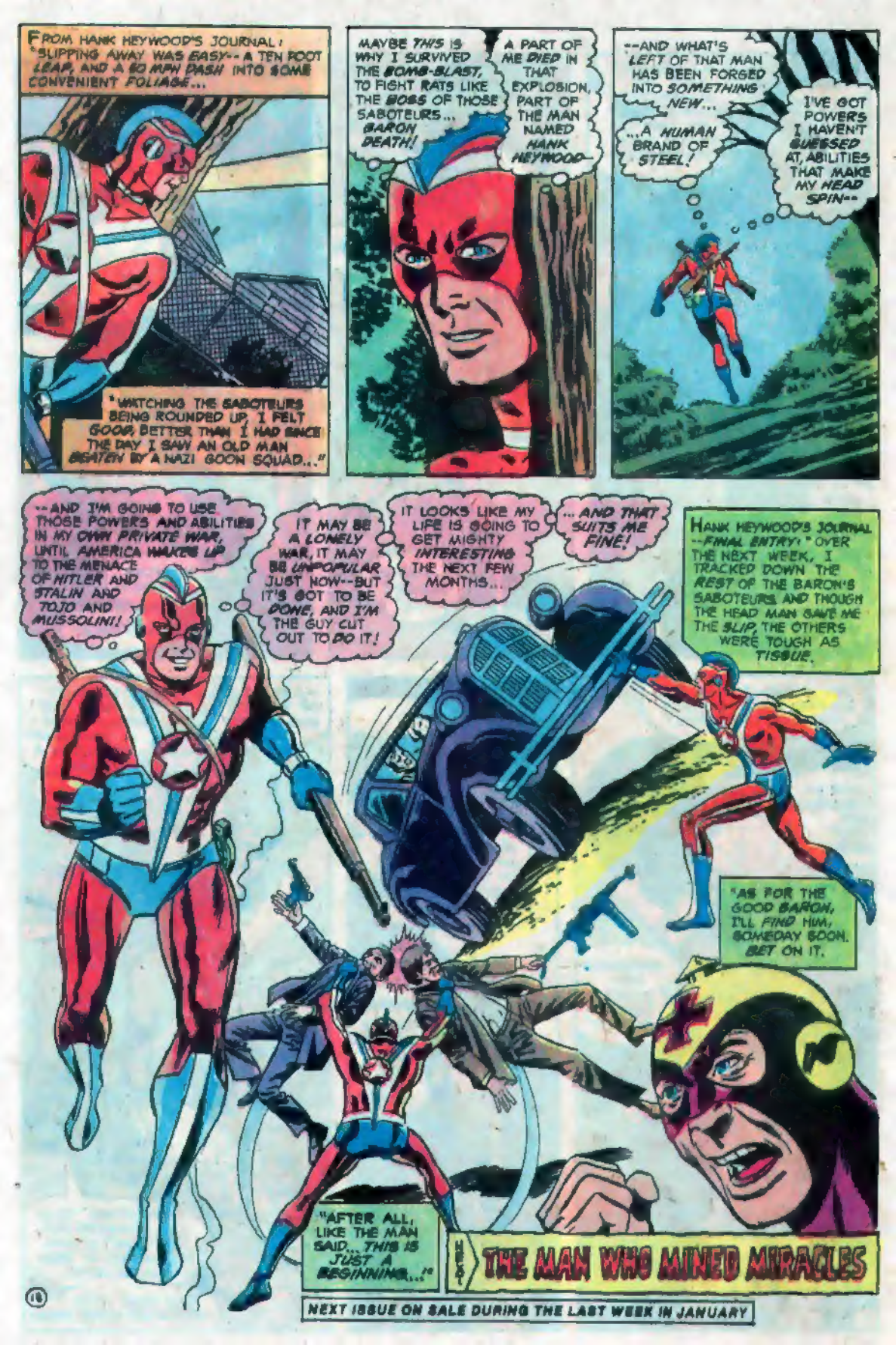
EVER GO BOWLING, FRIEND?
NO?
WELL HANG TIGHT--
--YOU'RE ABOUT TO!

WHATDYA KNOW?
A STRIKE!

HEY, FRED-- I THINK I'VE LOCATED THE SOURCE OF THAT DISTURBANCE!
OVER BY THE ARMORY-- BUT DON'T RUSH--
--WHOEVER THEY WERE, THEY'VE HAD IT!
MP
MP

AND WHEN THE MP'S ARRIVE ON THE SCENE, SCANT MOMENTS LATER--
I DON'T GET IT!
THREE GUYS-- LAID OUT LIKE STIFFS

--AND NO SIGN OF THE JOE WHO DID IT!
WELL, HE CAN'T GET FAR! THE WHOLE BASE IS SEALED UP TIGHTER 'N A DRUM!
YEAH?
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME, WHOEVER DID THAT--AIN'T GONNA BE TRAPPED BY THIS MAN'S ARMY.
BY NOW HE'S GOTTA BE HOME FREE!


FROM HANK HEYWOOD'S JOURNAL: "SLIPPING AWAY WAS EASY--A TEN FOOT LEAP, AND A 60 MPH DASH INTO SOME CONVENIENT FOLIAGE...
"WATCHING THE SABOTEURS BEING ROUNDED UP, I FELT GOOD, BETTER THAN I HAD SINCE THE DAY I SAW AN OLD MAN BEATEN BY A NAZI GOON SQUAD..."
MAYBE THIS IS WHY I SURVIVED THE BOMB-BLAST, TO FIGHT RATS LIKE THE BOSS OF THOSE SABOTEURS... BARON DEATH!
A PART OF ME DIED IN THAT EXPLOSION, PART OF THE MAN NAMED HANK HEYWOOD
--AND WHAT'S LEFT OF THAT MAN HAS BEEN FORGED INTO SOMETHING NEW...
...A HUMAN BRAND OF STEEL!
I'VE GOT POWERS I HAVEN'T GUESSED AT, ABILITIES THAT MAKE MY HEAD SPIN--
--AND I'M GOING TO USE THOSE POWERS AND ABILITIES IN MY OWN PRIVATE WAR, UNTIL AMERICA WAKES UP TO THE MENACE OF HITLER AND STALIN AND TOJO AND MUSSOLINI!
IT MAY BE A LONELY WAR, IT MAY BE UNPOPULAR JUST NOW--BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE, AND I'M THE GUY CUT OUT TO DO IT!
IT LOOKS LIKE MY LIFE IS GOING TO GET MIGHTY INTERESTING THE NEXT FEW MONTHS...
... AND THAT SUITS ME FINE!
HANK HEYWOOD'S JOURNAL --FINAL ENTRY: "OVER THE NEXT WEEK, I TRACKED DOWN THE REST OF THE BARON'S SABOTEURS, AND THOUGH THE HEAD MAN GAVE ME THE SLIP, THE OTHERS WERE TOUGH AS TISSUE.
"AS FOR THE GOOD BARON, I'LL FIND HIM, SOMEDAY SOON. BET ON IT.
"AFTER ALL, LIKE THE MAN SAID... THIS IS JUST A BEGINNING..."
NEXT
THE MAN WHO MINED MIRACLES
NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE LAST WEEK IN JANUARY